



THE SILVER CHEV.



THE SILVER CHEV'

Official Publication of the U. S. Army Base Hospital, Camp Grant, Illinois.

Vol. I.

APRIL 15, 1919

No. 2

Your Job

BY CAPT. CHARLES S. ELLIOTT,
S. C. U. S. Army.

At this time when the army is being disbanded and the soldiers are being returned to civil life as rapidly as their services can be spared, there should be no relaxation of the high standards which have characterized the services of the men on duty at this Hospital. It has been the aim of the administrative officers here to establish and maintain an organization which might be equalled, but not excelled, and for that reason, the system of orders and prompt obedience was put in effect, and, with very few exceptions, was met by the men in the proper spirit and as a result there has been evolved a well-organized, well-disciplined group of men, and a well-conducted Hospital, whose reputation is established in Washington.

Undoubtedly it is a hardship on many officers and men to remain in the service, and now, that the Armistice is effective and the stimulus of the war withdrawn, many feel that they should be released, but their work is not yet completed and they cannot be let go, until the pressure is reduced to the minimum. Therefore, do not lower your personal standards by "slacking," but "carry on" with a cheerful spirit, realizing that you are not only aiding your Government, but aiding also your fellow soldier. Do not "grouse" and make yourself feel the martyr, but continue your work as hitherto and maintain your personal standards and those of the Hospital. The great disappointment at not reaching the fighting front was felt keenly, not only by you of the New Army, but to many a man who has grown old in the service and whose feet itched for the chalky soil of France, whose nose snuffed the battle-smoke, and in whose ears reverberated the resounding crash of battle fire, though it was not our privilege to renew these scenes, or to view them for the first time. "He also serves who only stands and waits." And, while we did not do much standing, we did a lot of serving. The battle of the "Flu" was as disastrous as any in France, and the soldier who went over the top in the Hospital after the "Flu" bug was in as great danger as from flying lead.

All honor, therefore, to the "Silver Chev'." He who wears it served just as much as he who wears the Gold, and without him, where would the men who were sent over that they might attain the Gold, come from?

Now then, forget the war is over, tighten the straps of your "O. D. Baby," sling it over your shoulder, pick up "Old Betsey" and hike for the next stop.

THE BOY WITH THE BROOM.

Another troopship's in today, five thousand
heros more,
Oh yes, they helped to win the war; while I
just swept the floor.

God knows my heart was willing; when I
thought they needed me,
I volunteered for service; and was made an
orderly.

I've stuck around this camp, till mud's my
middle name,
And now the war has past and gone; I know
not why I came;

My uniform is a perfect sight, but when I
ask for more,
It's, nothing doing, son, for why doll up to
sweep the floor?

Discharge is in the distance dim; and leaves
are hard to get,
The others file by thousands out; while I
am sweeping yet.

But say, this job is my job, and what's the
use of gloom,
I shouldered arms for my native land; tho'
she armed me with a broom.

For some must die and others live, for the
land we all adore,
So, here I am, my country—the boy who
sweeps the floor.

—"S. H." in THE CADUCEUS.

"The Boy with the Broom." Verily, a lowly picture in these days of returning heroes, acclaimed by the home country's populace. Verily, a humble realization of a dream of valor and sacrifice. Yet the modest "S. H." has struck a chord which should awaken gratitude in the hearts of many higher in rank than his truly human hero, for he voices the sentiments of those less gifted in rhyme and meter, whose military careers have taken a parallel course, albeit on a more lofty plane.

It is doubtful if the author of the verses has chosen himself as a subject—but the pathos of the situation is intensified by the employment of the metaphor of the broom. How many of our domestic officers and men might say to their superiors, "I asked for a gun and ye gave me a broom"? Or, "I sought fields of action and ye gave me a sequestered nook"?

And the "boy with the broom" is to be pardoned his momentary cynicism in contemplating the gratitude of his countrymen for the comparatively insignificant part which he played in the world conflict. But he manfully concludes that it doesn't matter what they think after all—he has fulfilled

Interned

There are thousands of men in the A. E. F.
Who did not volunteer,
And plenty more will be going o'er
Who'd just as soon stay here.
The most unfortunate man today
Is the fellow who came to the front
And offered his all at his country's call
And was ready to bear the brunt—
But was cast aside and assigned elsewhere
To Replacements, or Depot Brigade,
And there to remain till he grew insane
As he waited in vain for aid.
For his longed-for chance to go to France
Does not materialize;
He storms and he frets, but he never gets
His chance like the other guys.

He writes in despair to his friends Over
There
That he'd give ten years of his life
If he could get in it for only a minute
To try out his luck in the strife.
Now last year they told him that they had
to hold him
On this side with other good men
To train new recruits in making salutes,
Yet again and again and again.
Now the end of the fight is almost in sight,
He's as far from the front as at first;
Is it any great wonder he thinks it's a blunder
And his soreness cannot be dispersed?
For now it would seem that his fondest
dream—
To fight for the U. S. A.—
Will never arrive, although he may strive.
And hope against hope for The Day.

The lucky ones in this great world war
Are not the men who are killed,
Nor the wounded ones, be they Allies or
Huns,
No matter what blood they have spilled.

The most unfortunate man today
Is the man who jumped at the chance
To fight like Hell from the tap of the bell,
But who'll never see service in France.

—G. W. Polhemus, Major Inf., in the Army
and Navy Journal.

his duty as his superiors interpreted it and that was the performance of every true soldier in the war. In years to come the overseas veteran may prate of his own deeds and deride those of others; but the consciousness of one's allotted task well done will compensate in great measure for the apathy the world may feel toward the military existence of those who "swept the floor."

SUPPORT ME.

(With the usual apologies to K. C. B.)

On April first
We printed
The first issue
Of THE SILVER CHEV'
And we held our breath,
To see if you'd like it,
Evidently you did
And so
We feel better
Just because our
Later issues will contain
Better Stuff.
It is a lot of work
To get up a Publication
But we enjoy it
Just so long as
YOU are interested
In it.
It's a cinch
This paper is worth
A "Jit" any time,
So buy your copies
Early, and remember,
Your Mother,
And your Dad,
And your relatives,
And your friends,
And everybody
That you left
Back Home
Will be glad to read
YOUR MAGAZINE.
Oh well,
We might as well
Tell you now
That we are hoping
You will buy more
Than one issue of
THE SILVER CHEV'
The first and fifteenth
Of every month,
Then we will know
That you
Are with us, and
For us.

WE THANK YOU.

On his arm he wore a silver chevron;
He wore it in the winter and in the summer,
so they say.
If you ask him why the decoration,
He'll say it's for the war that was far, far
away.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy turns
towards thoughts of—— discharge."

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

The fire-eating colonel had received a letter
which consumed him with rage, but this
was his noble reply:

"Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot
transcribe what I think of you. I, being
a gentleman, cannot think it. But you, being
neither, will understand what I mean."

—Life.

"AN ORIENTAL ORGY."

Owing to a lack of space in the April first
issue of the Chev', it was necessary to omit
a little story apropos of the Turkish Fantasy
staged under the personal supervision
of Freddie ("Madame") Boynton at the Red
Cross House on the last day of March.

It was not our editorial privilege to be
present at the Big Party, but from various
reports which are considered as authentic
as the usual Army stuff that is doled out
by the boys with the Edgar Allan Poe imaginations,
the little joy-fest was quite happily
snappy. For some days after this notable
event, the boys walked through their daily
tasks with a sort-of far-off glow melting the
usually somewhat-frigid gleam of their now
limpid orbs, for who among them could for
even the slightest moment forget the supreme
artistry and lithe grace of the little
fairy who favored with the oriental, 'dum-
dum' stuff? Or, in fact, the magnificence
and gorgeous purples (not to mention the
floor-sweeping beard) of Solomon, as presented
by our own Freddie. One correspondent
informs us that Freddie's sympathetic
temperament was so affected as to render
him helpless when the request came to the
stage, couched in a wonderful bevy of tea-
roses, that he render, with feeling, "The
Djer-Kiss Blues" (at this moment, the
orchestra automatically favored with soft
and dreamy music). According to the in-
formation which has come to hand, this last
was a complete "knock-out" and so over-
come was the dispenser of warbles, that it
was necessary for him to plead with the
audience for some moments before they
would permit him to obliterate himself be-
hind the final curtain and drop down on
his private, pillow-banked couch, exhausted.

Like the best "Evening American" war
stories, it grieves us to print at this time
that the above does not come from official
sources, and should not be considered
authentic.

New Camp Surgeon in Camp.

Col. Peter C. Field, former divisional sur-
geon of the Ninety-first division in France,
arrived last week at Camp Grant to relieve
Lieut. Col. George B. Lake as Camp Surgeon.
Lieut. Col. Lake will leave this week to as-
sume command of General Hospital No. 5 at
Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

Col. Field saw seven months service over-
seas with the Wild-West Division from
Camp Lewis, Washington, the organization
which traveled farther than any other
American fighting unit to reach the battle
front in France.

Col. Field, upon his return, was detailed
as surgeon at the port of embarkation, Hoboken,
N. J. He has a long record of army service,
including eight years in the Philippines and
Orient, and service on the Mexican border.
Lieut. Col. Lake in leaving Camp Grant
leaves many friends in the Base Hospital
who wish him well at his new post. Mrs. Lake
and their children will remain in Rockford
until the close of the school term.

OUR BAND TO TOUR FIVE STATES ON
VICTORY LOAN DRIVE.

Camp Grant's most famous musical organization,
the Base Hospital Band left Saturday, April
the 5th for Chicago to start the publicity
campaign for the Fifth Liberty Loan drive.
The band was scheduled to tour five of the
Midwest States. The band is the oldest musical
organization in Camp Grant, having been
organized in April, 1918, and since that time
has entertained the enlisted personnel, patients,
officers and nurses in addition to giving
concerts in all outlying towns within a
radius of 50 miles. The Band's work in the
last loan drive won the honors of first place
in competition with more than thirty other
bands both from the Great Lakes and other
army camps as well as civilian bands.

Rockford has just reason to join us in
missing our band and orchestra, for they
have won a place in the hearts of a music
loving people. They have played gratis for
all community gatherings when asked and
furnished entertainment for the different
picnics and celebrations. No finer class of
musicians ever appeared before the public.

Hospital Sergeant Henry P. Vorkeller, the
Bandmaster, and Sergeant Walter Zurawski,
Assistant Bandmaster, have worked hard in
getting up new programs for this coming
drive and we feel sure that their efforts will
be rewarded by the surprises they will give
the public.

We wish our musicians a most successful
tour, and "hurry back."

SOMETIMES YOU DO!!!

Before I fell a victim
To the wiles of Spanish "flu"
I'd gathered from the posters,
And certain movies, too,
That when it came to nurses
You always woke to view
Some peach from Ziegfeld's Follies
Who slipped the pills to you.

I've read the artful fiction
About the angels fair
Who sat beside your pillow
And stroked your fevered hair,
And made you kind of careless
How long you lingered there
In the radiant effulgence
Of a lovely baby stare.

That may be true in cases,
The way it is in plays,
But mine was no white lady
Of lilting roundelays;
For while I was a blisse
The nurse who met my gaze
Was Private Pete Koszolski,
Who hadn't shaved for days.
—Lieut. John Pierre Roche,
Eighty-seventh Division, A. E. F.

THE SILVER STRIPES.

By Edgar A. Guest.

When we've honored the heroes returning
from France
And we've mourned for the heroes who
fell,
When we've done all we could for the home-
coming man
Who stood to the shot and the shell,
Let us all keep in mind those who lingered
behind—
The thousands who waited to go—
The brave and the true, who did all they
could do,
Yet have only the silver to show.

They went from their homes at the sum-
mons for men,
They drilled in the heat of the sun,
They fell into line with a pluck that was
fine,
Each cheerfully shouldered a gun.
They were ready to die, for Old Glory on
high,
They were eager to meet with the foe;
They were just like the rest of our bravest
and best,
Though they've only the silver to show.

Their bodies stayed here, but their spirits
were there,
And the boys who looked death in the
face
For the cause had no fear, for they knew,
waiting here,
There were many to fill up each place.
Oh, the ships came and went, till the battle
was spent
And the tyrant went down with the blow!
But he still might have reigned but for
those who remained
And have only the silver to show.

So here's to the soldiers who never saw
France,
And here's to the boys, unafraid!
Let us give them their due, they were glori-
ous, too,
And it isn't their fault that they stayed.
They were eager to share in the sacrifice
there,
Let them share in the peace that we
know.
For we know they were brave, by the serv-
ice they gave,
Though they've only the silver to show.
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Said an Irish leader: "Min, ye are on the
verge of battle; will yez fight or will yez
run?"

"We will!" came a chorus of eager re-
plies.

"Which will yez do?" says he.

"We will not!" says they.

"Thank ye, me min," says he, "I thought
ye would."

BEG YOUR PARDON.

In our April first issue of "The Silver Chev'", in printing the Roster of our Detachment, we failed to include the names of the Q. M. C. men connected with our organization. Terrible mistake! How could we possibly forget our dear brothers with the pale hat cord, who so "cheerfully" assist us in picking out our Spring Serges, issue us shoestrings, 'n everything! Boys of the "fighting Q. M.", we are sorry for our mistake, and in order to clearly demonstrate the contrition on our part, we are going to give you this space all for your very selves. After our first issue was put on sale, we wondered why the Q. M. didn't go into ecstasies over our glorious success in the new magazine, but it has since been confidentially whispered to us by one of our nine hundred or more correspondents, that the boys over on Kishwaukee Road were all peeved up over the omission of their roster and failed to buy any copies, so you see, we have good reason to be sorry.

All right, Q. M., here are your names in print. Now you've no alibi whatever for hanging onto that "Buffalo." Let the folks at home see you all set up in eight-point:

ROSTER

Q. M. Detachment, U. S. A. Base Hospital

Q. M. SERGEANTS

Arthur L. Starkey Elmer C. Anderson

SGTS., FIRST CLASS

William F. Goetz Luther M. Sandwick

SERGEANTS

Timothy Roof Walter H. Clanahan

Solomon Blakesly Walter W. Whelan

Edward I. Graham Harry H. Giesfeldt

CORPORALS

Sidney W. Nelson Clyde S. Grass

Reid L. Cook Andrew Kanstrup

PRIVATES, FIRST CLASS

Willis B. Ingham

PRIVATES

Joseph Kuppel Cornelius P. Head

COOK

Frederick Steere

MOTOR TRANSPORT CORPS, U. S. A.
BASE HOSPITAL.

Sergeants

Denver L. Robison (In charge)

S. T. Glasman (attached)

Corporals

Reid L. Cook (attached)

Privates

John Boettger Frank Bohlman

Casper Fagerlie Raymond LePage

Joseph Vayne

Two Irishmen met at a country fair and
held the following conversation:

"Ah, Pat, sure, is it you?"

"Yis; an' it's been a long time since we
met. What's the news?"

"It's married I am, and I have a little boy
who looks just like me!"

The other surveyed him critically for a
moment and then replied consolingly, "Well,
I shouldn't mind so long as he's healthy."

—Everybody's Magazine.

ENLISTED MEN'S DANCE.

The regular semi-monthly enlisted men's dance was staged Thursday evening, April tenth, at the Red Cross House. The "Rag-A-Wyle" Orchestra from Rockford furnished the kind of music that makes us all happy, in the absence of our own Base Orchestra, which is on a five-weeks' tour for the Victory Loan.

The evening was not particularly propitious, to say the least, there being an extremely raw and disagreeable wind, but inside the Red Cross House, everything was warm and cozy. Through an unfortunate error, the Girls' Patriotic League of Rockford furnished only forty young ladies, while over a hundred of the men were present, necessitating a number of "Robber's Dances," in order that all the men who wished to do so might be given an opportunity to dance. A number of the boys also got together, hired a corner all for themselves, and put across some of the ultra-modern "shimmy" stuff. This, in itself, was worth the price of admission. Among those present in this corner was a cute, little sergeant and a good-looking Irishman from Chicago who is very fond of Ukeleles.

Ice cream and wafers were served during the Intermission, and the party broke up at eleven, the general verdict being that it was highly successful, despite the difficulties encountered.

HAVE YOU?

Have you been to the Lodge of the "Has Beens?"

In the slumbering town of "Slow,"

Where the pessimist howls,

And the knocker growls,

And the winds of misery blow?

They live on the memories of "Used to Be,"
And their password is "What's the Use?"

It would make you sick

If you heard them kick,

For they scatter some rank abuse.

They meet in the hall room of "Any Place,"
On the street called "Nothing to Me,"

Where the leaves have fled,

And the limbs are dead,

On the tree of fraternity.

If you've never been to the Lodge of
"Grouch,"

In the valley of "I Don't Care,"

Don't show your face

In the dismal place,

For you'll never be happy there.

Just measure yourself by the "Has Been"
rule,

And see about where you stand,

Then shake off the dust,

And the "Used To Be" rust,

And hustle to beat the band.

—Universal Engineer.

Officers' News

Captain John E. Mulsow, M. C., will be discharged on or about April 18, 1919, and expects to take up the practice of medicine in Chicago. "Capt. Jack" has been on duty at this hospital for nineteen months and has served in every capacity from Chief Cartoonist to commanding officer of the Band. His departure is regretted by all who have become acquainted with him.

Captain Albert H. Parks, M. C., was discharged April 15, 1919, and returned to his practice in Minneapolis, Minn. Captain Parks has been prominent in Civil Service Medical work in the City of Minneapolis, and although his services here were valuable, the need for his presence in a civil position made his discharge necessary.

Attention is invited to the fact that the construction of the officers' quarters is somewhat primitive and that sound is transmitted through the walls about as well as if these walls did not exist. The percentage of officers who wear heels of iron after Taps has not diminished and there is a growing suspicion that the supply of loud and penetrating voices has increased. A suggestion is offered to officers returning to quarters when others are asleep that it is just as easy to enter quietly as to make a great disturbance and it is a great deal more considerate of those who desire quiet.

Major Max Ballin, M. C., until recently Chief of the Surgical Service, is one of the officers whom this hospital will always remember with pride for the record he made as Chief of the Surgical Service, and with pleasure for the association with Major Ballin as a man. The heartiest, best wishes go with Major Ballin wherever he may go.

First Lieut. Carl E. Wismer, Sanitary Corps, has reported to this camp and has been designated as the Recreational Officer for the Base Hospital. Lieut. Wismer and his flivver blew into camp after a 400 mile drive as jaunty as any jitney from Rockford, and he went after his new duties with energy.

An officer accompanied Lieut. Wismer to the first dance with the intention of introducing him, but after one introduction found himself watching Lieut. Wismer dancing the rest of the evening without requiring any further introductions. If the beginning is a sample we expect lively things of the new arrival in the recreational line.

Lieut. Spencer P. Blim, M. C., just prior to his discharge on April 12th, was invited to take a long walk to the other end of the camp for the purpose of clearing his record of medical property supposed to be charged to him at Camp Sevier. Upon arrival at

the designated building Lieut. Blim found that there was nothing for him to do but to retrace his steps back to the Base Hospital and to be grateful that the camp was not twice as long as it is.

Captain William A. Sedwick, M. C., departed from this station for Biltmore, N. C., where he was ordered to duty in the Section of Ophthalmology. Capt. Sedwick writes that he would prefer Camp Grant in every respect to his present station, except for the climate and the fact that he is now engaged in his own specialty of Ophthalmology.

Dr. Willie, as Capt. Sedwick was known among his friends, leaves behind him pleasant memories of his expertness at bridge and his efforts to resuscitating a mess that has been deceased for a long time. Capt. Sedwick was unfortunate in being seized with a severe illness at the time he was about to depart for overseas, but he made a good recovery and upon a diet of cream he became so corpulent that some of us began to have fears for the safety of the buttons on his uniform. We all wish that he were back with us.

Within a week after the appearance of this issue of The Silver Chev', the Victory Liberty Loan drive will begin, the campaign to last for three weeks. This is the fifth and last Liberty Loan drive and is the final effort to clinch the victory over the enemy. "Pay for the peace you won."

It is desired that Liberty Bonds be purchased by those who are able to do so, but it is not desired "to induce persons in the military service to buy beyond their means and reasonable ability and thereby causing hardships." It is desired that the fullest opportunity be extended to all who wish to purchase Liberty Bonds, but there is no intention to have anyone buy bonds unless he is able to pay for them without causing undue financial inconvenience. No man will be allowed to buy bonds unless he has at least \$12.50 per month of unallotted funds.

It is desired that within the above mentioned restriction and without imposing a financial penalty upon anyone, the record of the Base Hospital with respect to the sale of Liberty Bonds be as good as possible. It is therefore urged that all persons who are able to buy bonds shall do so, and it is particularly requested that no bonds be purchased by persons on duty in this hospital from any other association than the officer who will later be designated for the sale of Liberty Bonds to the hospital personnel personnel.

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR—

That the phonograph is broken.

That there are only four vocalists in the quarters.

That officers of the Air Service do not wear spurs.

That the piano might break.

A WORD ABOUT OUR ADS.

The Merchants who are advertising in our magazine are merchants whom you can deal with in perfect safety. We are glad to be able to say that Rockford merchants have been most generous to the Silver Chev' in our necessary call for advertisements for our publication, so much so, that in our first issue, space permitted us to use less than half the advertising material we had on hand. This we regret very much, and can only hope that the popularity of our publication will increase the size of the magazine, as well as the circulation, so that we can take care of all Rockford merchants who desire to advertise in our publication, for we need their advertising business, and know that in return, our readers will patronize them. We congratulate you, Mr. Rockford Business Man, you know good advertising when you see it.

HARD LIFE ON THE C. O.'s.

In recently releasing one hundred and thirteen conscientious objectors, Secretary Baker accompanied his gracious order by the remark that it had been adopted so that the country might have the benefit of such work as they could perform conscientiously.

This, of course, appears on its face to be good news for the conscientious objectors, especially as, if they conscientiously object to work, they can loaf and invite their various conscientious souls. But is it fair to these gentlemen? The country has provided for them so well during the war that a certain proportion of them actually refused to leave jail. Is it not now, therefore, a cruel thing to throw them out on a cold and unfeeling world?

Republics are proverbially ungrateful, but it does seem as if Secretary Baker, with his well-known kindness of heart, should have done more than this. Merely releasing these gentlemen, giving them a chunk of back pay, patting them on the back, calling them brave fellows, bidding them the pacifist compliments of the season and inviting them to do a little work if they happen to feel like it, surely this is a sad return for helping to keep us at war.—"Life."

POSITION LOCATED.

In the early days of the War an Officer was wounded in the leg by a bullet and taken to a French hospital. Every day the Doctor probed the wound, which kept it in an inflamed and sore condition. After the eleventh day of this treatment, the patient who could not speak French beckoned to his "buddy" in the next bed, who could speak English, and asked him to find out from the Doctor why his leg was probed every day. The man did so and returned to the sufferer remarking:

"They say they are looking for the bullet."

"Well, why the Hell don't they ask me for it. I have it in my trousers pocket!"

BRANSKY'S BUNK

(Edited by Harry C. Bransky, First Class Private.)

A certain Base man, while on pass in Chicago, happened down Madison Street, where he was stopped by one of our worthy Red Cross workers, who approached him by saying:

"Ah! Another soldier out of work. Let me find a position for you." Upon which, the soldier immediately informed the worker that he was at present engaged by the Base Hospital at Camp Grant. The Red Cross worker then fixed eyes of sympathy and compassion on said youth and warbled these encouraging words:

"My name is Goodall. Look me up in 1926, and I'll see what I can do for you."

A farmer had some queer things; some were fine as silk —

A cow he had back home sure was a hummer.

The funniest thing about this cow is that she wouldn't give milk,

So the farmer had to go and take it from her.

NOTE: Shortly after writing the above "pome", the editor of this column was buried with military honors.

SOB STUFF.

(To the tune of "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight")

I've heard the tales of soldiers,

Some of them old and new,

I've heard the tales of others,

Some of them quite, quite true.

Ofttimes a story teaches one

The meaning of Good-bye,

But this sad tale not only taught me—

For it made me cry.

Chorus:

Just a soldier's prayer at twilight,

When Taps are blown;

Poor soldiers' years, are filled with tears.

There's a feeling comes at twilight,

That urges on—

That says it's near the end,

It won't be long, my friend:

But the days still come and go, here

As I remain—Oh, what a shame! Oh, what's their game?

Oh, kindly let me know when comes that happy day—

That's a soldier's prayer at twilight:

For his discharge, on the way.

ADITORIAL ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LORN.

By Beatrice Bransky.

Dear Editor: I am a young man 22 years old, an enlisted man of the Base Hospital, and am keeping company with a young girl of Rockford who persists in using snuff. Please advise me what I can do to stop her from using this deadly stuff. Pvt. R. J. C.

ANSWER—Pvt. R. J. C.: Replying to your inquiry regarding the young lady who indulges in the Deadly Copenhagen Drug. I would gather that since she has been living around Snuff Valley, she has become an addict of this blond-haired pastime. Why not propose, request a discharge, perhaps get it, move away from Lipville and live an unsnuffy life?

BEATRICE,
Commanding.

Dear Editor: I am a young man in the personnel of the Base Hospital, and have been for the past two years, and through heavy efforts have accomplished a Corporalcy. I am in love with a young woman of Rockford who is anxious to know when I will be discharged. Could you advise me regarding same?

Anxiously,
Cpl. W. S.

CPL. W. S.: In answer to your question, "When will I be discharged?" "Button, button, who's got the button?"

BEATRICE,
Commanding.

Dear Ed: I am a Captain in the Medical Corps and have a big practice at home awaiting my return, as I am the only physician in many miles around. I have applied for discharge and have been turned down. Could you advise me as to what I can do regarding my discharge?

CAPTAIN O. R. U.: In reply to your question: "Oh, Doctor, Oh, Doctor! You must be like other doctors, and have patience!"

BEATRICE,
Commanding.

Dear Editor: I am a member of this organization and have been keeping company with a girl from Rockford. Calling upon her the other night I found her in the arms of a Fourteenth Infantry Sergeant. Does she still love me?

ANSWER: In reply to your question: "Does she still love me?" Sure, she loves you, but you know how girls are. They like the company of a SOLDIER once in a while.

BEATRICE,
Commanding.

Dear Editor: I am an enlisted man in the Base Hospital, and have been keeping steady company with a fair maiden of Rockford. We quarrel continually regarding her frequenting the Coliseum dance-hall. Dancing is more of a struggle for her, as has been told me by some of my friends. What can I do to stop her present dancing craze? She tells me she could die dancing.

ANSWER: In reply to your question. So she could die dancing. Let her go—maybe she will.

BEATRICE,
Commanding

Dear Editor: I'm a wardmaster in the Base Hospital, working nights and have a sweetheart in Rockford, who refuses my attentions unless I can call evenings. Her mother also objects to my holding Reveille at their home. What shall I do?

HEARTBROKEN HAROLD.

ANSWER—H. H.: In reply to your question: If it's not too much of an inconvenience, why not try standing Reveille at Camp?

BEATRICE,
Commanding.

THINGS A SOLDIER DON'T USE THINGS A SOLDIER COULD USE

Umbrella	A Blue Serge
Button Hook	A Red Chevron
Cork Screw	A Ticket Home
Paris Garters	A Good Job
Dancing Pumps	His War Insurance
Walking S-tick	His Bonus
Straw Hat	A Life Furlough
A True Sweetheart	A Four-poster Bed
Meal Ticket	A Father's Advice
Bed Sheets	More Letters
Silk Pajamas	A Few Kind Words
Vest	A Discharge

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Our Father, who art in Washington,

Hallowed be thy name;

We drove the Hun

To Kingdom Come;

Thy work is done

On earth as 'twould be in Heaven;

Give us this day

All our back pay,

And lead us not into the Army of

Occupation,

But deliver us from all details and fatigues;

Forgive us all the A W O L's

As we forgive them with the bars

Who have marked them against us;

For thou hast the power

To return us to the States

And leave us there forever;

Amen.

—From "The Stars and Stripes," A. E. F.

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ROCKFORD,

Illinois

The American Red Cross Base Hospital

1. The Activities of the Red Cross at the Base Hospital have covered a wide field. We have handled a great amount of money for the Overseas Patients, have traced telegrams, packages and mail for them. Have sent long distance messages and traced friends of others in Camp, so that they might call on them at the Hospital. We are endeavoring, in this office, to anticipate the wants of these men, to render them every service that is in the power of the Red Cross to do.

2. Mr. D. H. Crawford, Recreation Officer, is a live wire. He is busy daily planning various ways to entertain the men. A successful Checker Tournament was staged by the Red Cross in the Convalescent Wards 52, 53 and 58 during the past week. Sevalia of Ward 52, Calvert of Ward 53 and Norman of Ward 58 were the lucky winners. Colonel Michie has offered a \$10.00 prize to the winner of a checker tournament to be played throughout the Wards. A contest will be made in each ward to determine the best player, this player will then compete with the various winners from the other wards in his row. Each row of wards will have its champion to compete in the final clash with the champions of the other rows, to determine the best man and winner of the prize. The Tournament to be carried out by the Red Cross.

3. We received many boxes of candy, fruit and cake from various people in Rockford, which were enjoyed by the men who partook of same. We wish to convey our thanks.

4. Every Monday evening a party is given for the convalescent patients. A short program is rendered, followed by dancing, and refreshments.

5. Red Cross flower vases are being placed in the various wards. Very suitable and attractive boxes for the Red Cross stationery are being made by the students in Ward 61, under the direction of the Reconstruction Aids. One of these boxes will be placed in each ward of the hospital as soon as completed.

6. Plans are under way to install a suitable outdoor play ground for the use of the patients and convalescents. Courts for tennis, handball, playground ball, croquet, etc., will also be made an outdoor gymnasium for connective work. The Red Cross, together with the proper medical and camp authorities, will supply the equipment and supervision. Mr. H. C. Young, of Rockford, recently discharged from the Aviation Department of the Army, has been added to the Recreational force of the Red Cross. He is a physical director, full of pep and will make things live along these lines.

7. Mr. V. B. Wood, our Associate Field Director, Bureau of communication, reports that spring poetry, etc., is beginning to blossom out in the letters written for the patients. This department is kept busy

dealing in personal services, such as attending to money matters, adjusting allotment difficulties, etc.

8. Mr. Cletus Maniere, Ward Worker, is kept busy daily, delivering various supplies, and reports that the approaching warm weather has increased the demand for shaving soap and tooth brushes.

9. The Overseas Convalescent Center is a big field for work. Mr. Villars, in charge, has won the confidence of the officers and warm appreciation of the men. The boys in this Center are awaiting discharge and it means constant attention of the Red Cross in keeping up the proper morale. Mr. Villars is making a good record, both for himself and for the Red Cross. The men in the Convalescent Center are enjoying a series of very good entertainments and feeds by the ladies of Rockford. At these spreads the supply of angel food cake is usually at the rate of one cake per man. The mess segreant reports no falling off of appetites and Chaplain Snyder says that the angel food does not seem to help much spiritually. The quarters which the Convalescent Center now occupy were recently completed, and same is provin ga great success. Bar-racks No. 327 North was converted into a Recreation Room and Gymnasium, Pool Room, Reading Room; Offices for the Red Cross and Chaplains of the Center. In Bar-racks No. 323 North, there is a room suitable for dancing and entertainments.

An old colored woman met a younger friend whose husband was in the army, and the following conversation ensued:

"An' hab yo' heard f'um Jim lately?"

"Yas, jes had a lettah yestuddy!"

"An' whah is he now?"

"Well, Ah don't know jes 'zactly. His lettah says he's somewhah in France, but he kain't tell jes' whah!"

"Ah knew it! Ah knew it! Ah tol' yo' all de time dat fool niggah 'ud go ober dere an' git hisself lost!"—Everybody's Magazine.

AVOIDING LOST MOTION.

Mistress: "I want a maid who will be faithful and not a time-waster. Can you promise that?"

Bridget: "Indeed, I can. I'm that scrup'ulous, ma'am, about wastin' time that I make one job of prayin' and scrubbin'."

TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER—

The value of time.
The success of perseverance.
The pleasure of working.
The dignity of simplicity.
The worth of character.
The power of kindness.
The influence of example.
The obligation of duty.
The wisdom of economy.
The virtue of patience.
The improvement of talent.
The joy of originating.

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"Right off State St."

Chirps from the Bluebirds

(Edited between wards by Alice M. Broadbent, A. S. N.)

'TEN-SHUN!! AS YOU WERE!!

Firstly, we wish to disclaim all responsibility for the rather amazing finale on our column in the last—and first—edition. Some PRACTICAL JOKER with a PERVERTED sense of HUMOR evidently slipped into the Editor's chair, and interpolated all from "Well, that's about all," etc., on to the end, according to HIS OWN tastes. Now, WE don't mind being CENSORED, or even being the VICTIM of forgery; but we can't help wishing that our censor would indulge in a little LITERARY SELF-CULTIVATION. The MEANING of our FINALE, which he so nonchalantly discarded, may not have been perfectly clear to him, but might we SUGGEST that when he finds our occasional ravings quite INCOMPREHENSIBLE, he publish them ad verbatim and later come to us PERSONALLY for an explanation.

Too bad our censor doesn't know us better. Isn't he aware that we don't scatter "SUNSHINE SMILES"? We GRIN.

(Ed's Note: And we thought the War was over! Oh, boy! We certainly do consider ourselves considerably chastised. Of course, we fully realize that the poor Ed. has no rights whatever in the matter of publishing a magazine—the stories that come in from the various "cubs" are always published in the exact form in which they are submitted. The Editor should wear spurs to retain his foothold on the desk, when he falls asleep for lack of something to do. As for knowing you better, Dear B. B., that is something which has been very thoughtfully taken care of by a little volume of interesting facts published under the title of "Army Regulations, 1913." We are humbled. We are penitent. We are contrite. We grovel in the very dust at your editorial feet. Our eyes gaze with admiration upon the halo of knowledge which encircles your aureole-crowned head, but we are supremely contented and almost painfully happy in the knowledge that we are associated with you, e'en though it be in the most humble and menial capacity. We offer our sincerest apologies to you, and trust for our own sake that you will never feel called upon again to make us the subject of your keen, cutting, George Bernard Shaw type of stuff. We exit, with head bowed in contrition.—"The Guy Who Did It.")

ON WITH THE PLAY.

LECTURE NOTES.

Anatomy Student: Except for the elephant and the whale, the human brain is the largest organ in the body." Confusion thrice confounded! And, speaking of brains:

Instructor: "Does an individual's intelligence depend on the size of the brain?"

L. B.: "No! A man's brain is larger than a woman's!"

Sleep, "that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," may also knit an instructor's brows if indulged in during a class period. Ask Petey.

Bluebird at Canteen: "Do you have any stamps?"

Canteen Clerk: "Yes, three's."

B. B.: "How much are they?"

PUBLIC OPINION IS

That Adam and Eve did a better job of naming things than did modern bacteriologists.

That Heaven is Heaven simply because none has ever yet inspected it. Let in an inspector, and we might just as well stay on earth.

That in the Spring, a Student's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—stiff blue straw sailors?

Huh-uh!

Fluffy floppy ones with pink roses.

That if we were English and interested in politics, we would all undoubtedly be "On the Opposition." The habit grows on one.

That at Nancy's next birthday, we should present her with a course in voice culture; she does "Parade Rest" beautifully, but seems not to have the feeling for "To the Colors." Or perhaps it is the technique that is at fault.

That the person who borrowed a Medical Dictionary, belonging to Mayme Johnson, from the office of Ward 33, should return it imeejutly if not sooner. If she doesn't get that book back soon, we'll not be able to live with her much longer.

That "The Silver Chev" is all there.

Our muse having failed us in the traditional eleventh-hour rush, it is with considerable pleasure that we present the first contribution we have succeeded in collecting. (Everybody—Contribs. solicited.)

AIDES GIVE INTERESTING PERFORMANCE.

Friday night, April the 11th, 1919, will be remembered by the personnel of this Hospital as a milestone in their lives, as it will mark an evening most enjoyably spent.

For some time we had heard rumors that the Reconstruction Aides on duty at this Hospital intended to stage a performance of some sort, but it was not definitely known when the big night would be until we read on the bulletin "Minstrel Show, Red Cross Bldg., April the 11th." Then we felt pretty certain that the Aides were "guilty." The entire conception was good and the production was all that could be desired. The stage settings were well worked out, and the costumes were decidedly unique, and showed much time in preparation. In fact, the whole production showed a great deal of thought and rehearsal, for the show was a real success and "went across" in big league style.

Rounds of applause followed each number and the performers could have no doubt in their minds as to their success.

The entire program was decidedly enjoyable, and we feel space should be given here to make especial mention of the following numbers.

1. Ghost dance by Misses Flora Scott, Olife Scott, Rominger, and Doak. One really had creepy sensations up and down their spine just to look at these "Gosses" in the traditional white.

2. Miss MacComber rendered the part of the farmer, ably assisted by Misses Collier, Dickerson, Robbins, Jones, Matacheck, Hall, and Mrs. Brooks. The ability displayed in this number was greatly above the average.

3. The Yama Yama dance was very well rendered by the Misses Koehler, Robbins, Bean, Boteller and Goger. Their dancing was very good.

4. A clog dance given by the Misses Flanagan, Sterwig and Dodge, showed that they had possibly sat at the feet of Terpsichore.

5. The Cake Walk, in which Miss Moody and Miss McCormack cut didoes and pigeon wings in true plantation style was very laughable.

6. The Monologue rendered by Miss Griffith contained a sketch of the evolution of this Hospital, which was very original and unique. That part which described the evolution of the Reconstruction Aides was apt and well rendered.

All honor to you girls for your success, for success it was, because you willed it so. Your audience was with you and for you all the way through. May it encourage you to give us more entertainment along this line.

DETACHMENT OF PATIENTS.

The Detachment of Patients under the direction of Major Mullen is running at full speed, due to the fact that there are a considerable number of patients coming in and going out every day. We have at present an office force of ten men headed by Hosp. Sgt. L. A. Biggam.

The classes in Reconstruction under the supervision of Capt. R. H. Sylvester consists of: Classes in Arithmetic, History, English, Bookkeeping, Accounting, Current Events, Soils, Photography, Shorthand and Typewriting, Spelling and Geography. There are classes in automobile repairing, running of tractors, in fact all machinery and electrical work is being classified and instructors are doing their level best to give the patients the best of attention. Cement construction work and piano tuning are also being taught to the convalescent patients.

Recently the Chief Educational Officer's attention happened to be called to a student's skill in handling a farm tractor with his left hand. His right hand was practically disabled and lay helpless in a sling. The instructor stated that the young man is a farmer; that he is taking great interest in milking machines, tractors and other



farm machinery, and that he has the pep and intelligence which insures his success in spite of his physical handicap. He was later recognized as having been one of the most energetic of the bath-robe baseball gang.

The one serious danger in such cases is that the disabled arm may be neglected. The man should not only follow the assignments for Physio-Therapy and other reeducational work for that arm, but he should perhaps study his own case and ask for more special training instead of hastening in to the full time work in agriculture and machinery.

Few realise what marvelous restoration and re-education nature will bring about if given full opportunity. Under massage, electrical exercises and tool handling, re-growth and refunctioning of nerve, muscle and joint are brought about in limbs that ordinarily would be left permanently helpless. The spirit which enables a man to play base ball and to handle a tractor with one hand represents the persistence and patience that will enable him to bring about maximum restoration of his injured arm, if he pushes the case in the hand of physio-occupational therapy and tool handling departments.

To our students, we are prompted to say—be a bit cautious and try to avoid overstrain, such as resulted in the refracture of an arm in gymnastics last week, but make the most of this time when apparatus

and expert advice is at hand, and when nature is healing and still working to restore the lost powers.

A CHANGE OF TRAINING.

She didn't raise her boy to be a fighter

But they went and took him from her just the same,

And they stripped his giddy garments off the blighter,

And they strapped a suit of khaki on his frame.

She didn't raise her boy to be a scrapper—

And, to do her training, he was none;

But they carried off her ukulele tapper

And they coached him in the technic of a gun.

She didn't raise her boy to be a stabber,

And she loudly called the government a thief

When it took him off his regiment of clabber

And corrupted him with spuds and army beef.

She didn't raise her boy to be a killer;

But they got him when the country claimed its own,

And his body, soft and puffy as a pilio.

They whipped into a mass of brawn and bone.

She didn't raise her boy to be a shooter—
Nor anything, in fact, except a fool;
But they handed him a sergeant for a tutor

And they turned him out a credit to the school.

She didn't raise her boy as I have told yer—
To live upon the military plan;
But they sent him back to her not just a soldier

But every single inch of him a Man!

CONTRIBUTIONS.

There is at present a very noticeable lack of news in our publication from some of the most important departments of our Hospital. We realize "The Silver Chev'" is young, and with the present small staff, and the difficulty for some of the members of the staff to get sufficient time to put on the magazine, it makes it an impossibility for us to get around to all the departments to see that they have their share of News. Always realize that it is up to the individuals to give us the "dope" on their respective departments, for it is YOU that know all that goes on in your department, so don't be selfish and keep all the news to yourself. Let us hear of the funny things that are bound to happen every day — let us hear of the way your department is run—changes made, etc. Some members of our organiza-

(Continued on Page 14.)

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THE SILVER CHEV'

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Circulation ManagerSgt. 1st Cl. Harry O. Barnville

U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL,
CAMP GRANT, ILL.

Vol. 1. APRIL 15, 1919. No. 2

"SUPPORT THE CHEV'."

"The Silver Chev' has made good. The first publication of this, our magazine, has been practically sold out, an unusual occurrence under the existing circumstances.

First issues of magazines, like first nights in the theatre, are always fraught with anxiety for the persons responsible for their success, but when a magazine gets over as "The Silver Chev'" has done, the editors feel fully repaid for the hard and discouraging work and the many disappointments which are unavoidable in a thing of this sort. It has been a difficult proposition to simply 'go ahead and build a magazine' out of thin air, and this first issue is only a starter for the ones which are to follow. We went to work blindly and in great haste, not knowing whether we would be greeted by failure or success, and, in less than a week of actual time, a magazine has been made for you.

The subsequent issues of "The Silver Chev'" will, naturally, be much better and more interesting than has been the initial one. We are making no apologies for our magazine, and we believe that you are and will continue to be as proud of it, as we are. If you've got something you want to see in print, let's have it. You are assured of a square deal at our hands, for you, the individual, are as much owner of this Base Hospital Publication as are we. We want your co-operation and sympathetic help; to succeed in the fullest measure, we must have it, and we know you're going to give it.

"The Silver Chev'" is a good magazine right off the jump; and it's going to be a whole lot better from now on. Show your interest in yourself by supporting it—talking it—buying it. Send a copy home regularly. It will help the folks to know just what's going on out here, and may save you a good deal of bother and worry, not to mention postage stamps, by doing away with the necessity of so many letters. Our aim will be to make it as newsy as a magazine can be, and to give you something to think about, besides. If you are with us, tell the World about it! If you're against us when we're doing our best to help you, get wise to yourself, and fall in line. BE A BOOST-ER!!

TO THE A. N. C.

There's a legion of wonderful women,
That came from the east and the west,
The north and the south sent their quota,
Each state sent its bravest and best.
They came without trumpets or shouting
At the call of the grim god of war,
And gladly gave all without thought of re-
ward,
To the Army Nurse Corps.

In the camps, cantonments and bases,
Mid the harrowing scenes "over there,"
They toiled for the suffering soldiers,
And the boys blessed their motherly care.
Their emblem the Cross of Geneva,
Their motto: "Just service, then more,"
They gladly gave all, that a soldier might
live,
That's the Army Nurse Corps.

Let us drink to these wonderful women,
A toast ere we part from the scene,
Let us drink—and then shatter the glasses,
As cavaliers drink to their Queen.
May the God that rules in the Heavens,
And the God of the land and the sea,
Ever shower the choicest of blessings,
On the women of the Army N. C.
—Caduceus.

CONFIDENCES, HOMEWARD BOUND.
Said number one, "I've been in France,
And seen the city on the Seine,
But gee! it ain't a circumstance
Compared with good-old Paris, Maine."

Said number two, "In Italy
I saw the aviators fly
Above Saint Peter's. But for me
All roads now lead to Rome, N. Y."

Smiled number three, "I've nothing missed
In Piccadilly, but I won't
Be really happy till I've kissed
A girl I know in London, Ont."

Grinned number four, "I didn't get
No further than a place called Bonn,
But I'll be satisfied, you bet,
To walk the streets of Berlin, Conn."
—Frederick Moxon.

An Irishman came into the office of the
president of the Illinois Central Railroad
and said :

"Me name's Casey. Oi wurruk out in th'
yar-r-r-ds. Oi'd like a pass to St. Louis."

"That is no way to ask for a pass," said
the president. "You should introduce your-
self politely. Come back in an hour and
try it again."

At the end of the day back came the
Irishman. Doffing his hat, he inquired:
"Are yez the man I saw before?"

"I am."

"Me name is Patrick Casey. Oi've been
workin' out in th' yar-r-r-ds."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What
can I do for you?"

"Oi've got a job an' a pass to St. Louis
on th' Wabash. Yez can go to hell."

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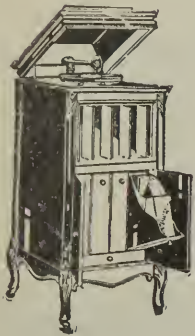
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Books Written by Members of Our Detachment.

"The Eternal Grind," by Ray Connelly.

"The History of the Shrunk Shirt," by Sgt. Klein.

"Italy's Part in the World War," by Tony DeMattia.

"The Value of a Smile," by Sgt. Biggam.

"'Whys' for Reveille," by Sgt. Bell.

"Painless Dentistry," Walter Malinowski.

"Why Burleson Is All Wrong," by (Acting Cpl. Anton Koppy).

"Join the Army and See the World," by Sgt. Cattermole.

"System," by Sgt. Abe Kahn.

"Why Peanuts Don't Grow in Illinois," by Joe Garafola.

"The Life of Riley," by Sgt. Vorkeller and Band.

"My Experiences in Charge of Quarters," by Sgt. Ray Wolfrum.

"Why Girls Leave Home," Cpl. Nicholas.

"My Evenings at the Inglaterra," by Alec Konopka.

"Agnes Anderson's Awful Aunt," by Sgt. Lavender.

"How to Make a Ford Acrobatic," by Sgt. Kendall.

"Ten Nights in a Canteen," by Sgt. Barnville.

"His Winning Way," by 2-Stripe Nelson.

"How I Knock 'Em Cold," by Stacys Drangelis.

"Every Evening in Rockford," by Geo. Schmidt.

"Interior Decorations of a Guard House," by John Payton.

"Army Life," by Sgt. Shoup.

"Irritable Ike's Insanity," by Sgt. Mitchell.

"The Worst of St. Louis," by Sgt. Stauffer.

"How Did I Do It," by Sgt. Markham.

"Jazz, Pep, and Humor," Harry Bransky.

GENERAL MESS SPECIAL COMBINATION FEEDS.

Order by the Number Only.

These Offers for Base Men Only.

1. $\frac{1}{2}$ hard boiled egg, 1 slice hard bread, coffee, no cream.
2. Small tough steak, 1 potato, apple sauce, rice pudding.
3. Corned beef and cabbage, water, catsup, a square plain cake.
4. Cold tongue, 1 potato, coffee or water, piece 1 by 2 inch cake.
5. Fried chicken necks (this offer, Sundays only), bread, butter, package camels, one square ice cream.
6. Hash, apple sauce, coffee or water, bread and oleomargarine.

(Any discourtesy shown by K. P.'s should be reported at once to the Secretary of War).

HIS MEANNESS.

The Man: "Well it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up."

The Woman: "That's just like a contemptible man! You'll sit there and think mean things!"—Detroit Free Press.

GOT HER LESSON.

"Do you think you could learn to love me?" asked the young man.

"Well—I don't—know," replied the sweet young thing, thoughtfully.

"I have five thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds, ten thousand dollars invested in good paying stock——"

"Go on; I'm learning."

"And fifty thousand dollars in well paying real estate."

"All right, dear; I've learned. Believe me, you're some teacher!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Officer, I've lost my wife. What would you advise me to do?"

"Enjoy yourself for the afternoon. She'll turn up at the hotel in three or four hours."—Kansas City Journal.

"Promptness is essential."

"Then I know I can't fill the position," sighed the returned soldier, as he started to leave the room. "All the training I ever had was in getting out the United States casualty lists."—Life.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF TEACHING ARITHMETIC.

He was teaching her Arithmetic and said it was his mission;

He kissed her once, he kissed her twice and said "Now that's addition."

But as he added smack to smack, she shyly gave him one kiss back

And said "Now that's subtraction."

He kissed her, she kissed him back without an explanation,

Then together they both said, "We'll call that Multiplication."

Then dad appeared upon the scene, and he with stern decision

Kicked poor Burgard down the stairs and said,

"Now that's division." —G. M. C.

(SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD).

Darling, I am coming back

Silver threads among the black;

Now that peace in Europe nears,

I'll be home in seven years.

I'll drop in on you some night

With my whiskers long and white,

Home again with you once more,

Say, by nineteen twenty-four.

Once I thought by now I'd be
Sailing back across the sea,
Back to where you sit and pine,
But I'm headed for the Rhine.

You can hear old G-2 curse
War is hell, but peace is worse,
When the next war comes around—
In the front ranks I'll be found;
I'll rush in again, pell mell,
Yes I will—LIKE HELL!—LIKE HELL!

—Stars and Stripes, A. E. F.

WRONG DIRECTION.

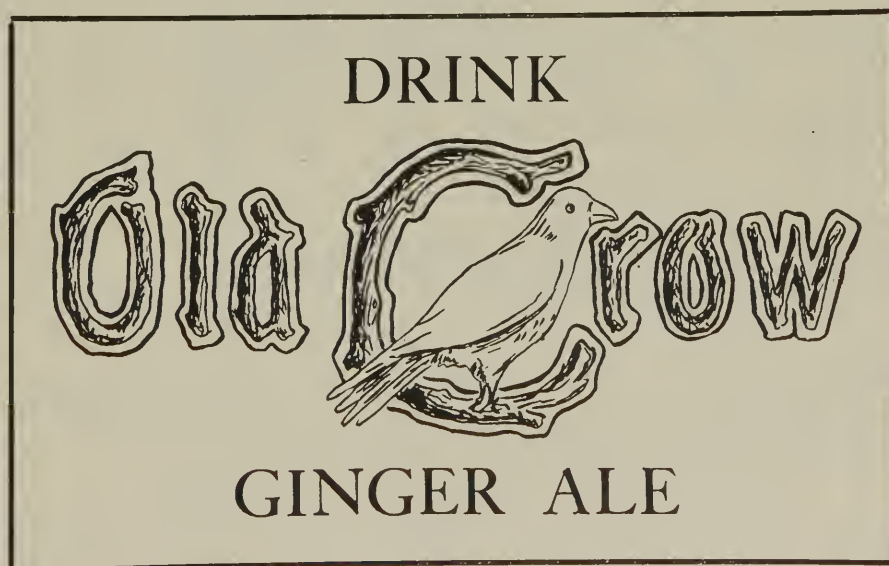
The soldier whose specialty had been sewer trenches for some months past, was found leaning on his shovel.

"What are you dreaming about now?" the non-com asked.

"I was just thinking," responded the shovel wielder, "that if these ditches were straight up and down instead of lengthwise, I'd have dug my way back home long before this."—The Spiker (Engineers Railway, U. S. Army.)

A colored veteran just back from the other side when questioned about an iron cross he was wearing explained:

"Boss, it was a extra decoration. De Kaiser himself sent it to me by a special messenger what dropped daid jus' befo' he give it to me."—N. Y. Globe.



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In Letter to Chief Surgeon of the A. E. F.
He Lauds Work of M. D. Men
During War.

FINE PERSONAL MESSAGE WRITTEN

Praise for the "fine and unselfish character" of the service rendered by the officers and men of the Medical Department with the American overseas forces whose "achievements have added new glory to the noble professions they have so ably represented," is contained in a letter of General Pershing to Colonel Walter D. McCaw, Chief Surgeon of the American Expeditionary Forces, made public by the Surgeon General.

"At the front and in the long chain of hospitals extending down to the Base Ports, I have watched the fine and unselfish character of their work, and the achievements which have added new glory to the noble professions they have so ably represented. Many of them have shared with the line troops the hardships of campaign conditions and have sustained casualties and privations with fortitude that is beyond praise. No labor has been too exhausting and no danger too great to prevent their full discharge of duty.

"A special word of thanks is due to those members who were attached to and served continuously with the armies of our Allies. Their efficiency and high ideals have called for the highest praise of the Allied Governments under whom they have served.

"Before they leave France, will you convey to all ranks under your command the deep sense of my personal appreciation of their splendid services and my regret at the impracticability of sending each and every one of them a letter of thanks?"

CONTRIBUTIONS.

(Continued from Page 9.)

tion still seem to consider that the Staff and the Staff only are the ones to write all the news and keep the reader posted—they are sadly mistaken, and we hope this very article will give these members the right idea they should have in this regard.

Here we have printed two perfectly good issues of "The Silver Chev'," and the news from the various departments has been very scant. Come on, let's all get together, and make it a regular party. For instance, somebody in the Dental Department submit a history of that department, and so on. It all makes good reading and the kind the readers of this publication are rightfully expecting. All together now on this. What have YOU to offer to the readers of "The Silver Chev'?"

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Of course you want us to hurry up with all these good things. And we are. Especially Jack Cummings, the manager. He's hustling around so fast these days his coat tails stick out straight behind. He is on the trail of the thousand and one details necessary before you can see and taste and know the pleasures we are planning for you.

So—anticipate the good times coming; yet wait for us with patience.

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is exemplifying the Hamill idea. We have told you of it before—sincerity, service, and sunshine. Plenty of goods, easy to find—because of order and system; easy to show—because of trained and alert salesmen.

And best of all, we like to show them. We get lots of fun out of the day's work. To have you go out of the store feeling that you have got just what you came in for and that you bought it at a fair price and had a jolly good time into the bargain—well, we feel we've done something worth while.

Right now we have an enormous stock. Every sort of military wear. Suitcases, shoes, leggings, uniforms, hats—all neatly arranged for quick and easy choice. And many special offerings of unusual values too numerous to list here.

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“At the Foot of the Hill”